PRIEST'S WEDDING **PROVES SHOCK TO CATHOLIC CLERGY**

Churchmen Deplore Action David Hillhouse Buel, Former Georgetown President.

"The marriage of David Hillhouse Buel, former president of this university, is a distinct shock to all friends of the university, who deplore his action in renouncing the vows of celibacy." said the Rev. A. J. Duarte, vice president of Georgetown University, today. "The marriage will hurt the university in that the riff-raff who delight in sensational stories of the weakness of human nature will hold this marriage as an example."

The Rev. Dr. Duarte said the only notice of the wedding that has yet been received by the Catholic clergy in Washston was in a New Haven newspaper. The notice said David Hillhouse Buel, former president of Georgetown University and an ordained priest of the Society of Jesus, was married early in December, in New York city, to Miss Katherine Francis Powers, of Boston. By his marriage the former priest

not only severs himself from the priesthood but is automatically excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. and Mrs. Buel will live in New York city, at 222 West Thirty-second Mr. Buel graduated from Yale in 1983,

entered the novitiate, at West Park, N. Y., immediately. He was ordained a priest by Cardinal Gibbons in 1836, and was professed of the four vows of the Society of Jesus in 1902. Buel was president of Georgetown University from 1905 until 1908 when, rding to the time-honored custom of changing the head of that institu-tion every three years, he was removed and sent to Gonzasa College. Later he was a priest at St. Aloysius' Church, which position he held until he left

TAFT TO GLADDEN TEXAS BOY'S HEART

Motherless Lad, Who Waved at and Personal Letter.

The heart of a seven-year-old boy in Honey Grove, Tex., will soon be gladdened by a letter and an autographed tograph from President Taft. He is George Lane Corely, and he has write his name?" I sneered.

"Aye, fine ye can read." said the Macdonald. "She told me ye could. I will ken what devil's work is in that word, for it has set Mistress Mariposa Master Corely's letter, written on children's note paper, follows:

"Dear Mr. President Taft: I am the little boy who you waved at when you were in Marshall. Tex., and I waved back at you. I am sorry you are going to leave the White House. I hope you will come to Texas again, and I will get to see you. I never will forget how you looked. You are the only President I have ever seen. I am seven years old. I live with my grandma. My little mother went to heaven I was fifteen days old. I have no brothers nor sisters. I would like to get a letter from you written with your own dear hand. I hope that you will not disappoint me, I know the names of all the Presidents and the year in which they served our country. With best wishes for your future, I am sincerely yours.

at that moment! I read the paper aloud to the Macdonald, who listened with his head cocked suspiciously to one side. But my voice choked over the last lines, for a great tear—and it was not mine—had blurred a part of the words, "to keep—faithful."

"And who will this Shaxper be?" the Macdonald demanded.

"I ken no more than yourself." I said.

"I ken no more than yourself." I sa "Dear Mr. President Taft: I am the future, I am sincerely yours,
"GEORGE LANE CORELY,
"Honey Grove, Tex."

TEMPERATURE TO

Decided Drop in Mercury. Fair and Warmer.

There will be a decided drop in temperature tonight, as the final shot of "cold wave," which has been skirting around the environs of Washington for the past two days. For the first time in weeks the mercury will sink below the freezing point, unless the weather man is "doctoring" the record. "Fair tonight, with temperature about 28 degrees," is the way he phrases it. For Thursday, however, it's "fair and

warmer." Merely showing that in the bright lexicon of January there's no such thing as real winter. Medicine Hat is failing down on the job this Hat is failing down on the job this year, although there are many prophets who arise now and then to remark that when the Canadian weather manufactory starts working it will make up for lost time, and provide a number of concentrated, allopathic doses of low temperatures.

Says Farmers Will Unite To Boost Produce Cost

A combine of farmers to force "just prices" for their produce was predicted lest night by Prof. L. C. Corbett in an address on "Feeding the Multitude" before the educational department of the Young Men's Christian Association. Young Men's Christian Association.

"We complain among other things of
the high price of milk," said Dr. Corbett, who is horticulturist in the Department of Agriculture, "yet hardly
a dairy in the country is justing a reasonable percentage on the investment.

"The problem of the high cost of living does not rest with the farmer for
solution. He has been striving for
years to produce more crops at less." years to produce more crops at less

Sea Gives Up Baby.

OPORTO, Jan. 2.- The most remarkable survivor of the wrecke dsteamer Veronez is a ten-months-old baby washed ashore in a blanket two days after the disaster.

THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.

A DAUGHTER OF THE ARMADA

By Stephen Chalmers

(Copyris' t, 1912, Frank A. Munsey Company)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada one of the ships, La Trinidad, appears in the Bay of Kileilan, off the west coast of Scotland. She burns, and the sailors who escape to land are hanged by Black Jamie, the Highland laird of Kileilan.

One refugea, Don John, is betriended by young Rorie and his father, Angus Maclean, brother-in-law to the laird. On his way with Rorie to the castle to surrender as prisoner of war to the laird Don John meets Mistress Mary, the laird's daughter, who entreats him to flee to safety. Don John escapes hanging, but is held by the laird to do work at the farmhouse until the return of his son Archibald.

safety. Don John escapes hanging, but is held by the laird to do work at the farmhouse until the return of his son Archibald.

Ronald Macdonald, chieftain of the Kyles, has discovered Don John's love for Mistress Mary, and in a fight which ensues Don John kills a man and hides in a cave known only to Rorie.

Black Jamie is murdered. Don John is accused of being the murderer. Mistress Mary declares her father was murdered by Macdonald of the Kyles.

Black Archibald kills Macdonald, and also Don John, as the latter is eloping with Miestress Mary, who returns to live in the house of Dart Leezie, where her child, Mariposa, is born.

Her mother dies, and Mariposa grows up with Horie, befriended by his father and mother. When young Jamie, a cousin of Rorie's and only heir between him and the Kilellan acres, returns from Edinbrugh, Rorie fears a rival, In a fight between young Jamie and his father. Mariposa calls upon Rorie to save young Jamie. He does so, and becomes scriously wounded. During his slow recovery Mariposa, who nurses him, confesses her love, but they decide not to marry yet, as Maripoea is hardly 16.

The Macdonalds have been at war with the Campbells for 15 years, but now, making for peace, the clans arrange to meet in Kilellan Castle at a Twelfthnight feast. Rorie suspects treachery and goes with Mariposa's beauty. Becoming separated from Mariposa, Rorie learns that he has been betraying his kinsmen to no purpose, as treachery has been planned on both sides. On signal during the feast, each Macdonalds, is seated between two of his own people. Suddenly blades flash, and Campbelle and Macdonalds engage. At a command of Black Archibald, the room is thrown into utter darkness. Rorie drops on his hands and knees.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continud.)

HE queer wording of the thing, meeting as it did the very sentiment which my poor speech failed in expressing, filled me with a flerce satisfaction. I turned to the door of the Macdonald's cottage and, entering, flung the paper on the table, where Mariposa lay bowed in her distress.

I did not wait to see the effect of its reading, but walked straight to the rude cottage where I had been lodging It was my intention to leave the clachan TEXAS BOYS HEART

It was my intention to leave the clachan at once and seek out Bordeaux. Why, having no belongings to collect, I should have gone to the cottage, I do not know, save that it is the habit of a man who is about to make a journey. By that instinctive return to the cottage I think the rest of my life was cast, as from a watershed. Had I not gone there, my story—of Mariposa, at least—would have ended here. It is probable that I should never have seen her again.

As things turned out, I was no sooner in the cottage than the Macdonald and several of his men were at my heels. The chieftain of the Kyles was in a great rage, and I suspected the reason

"Is this your hand of write?" he

he cried, shoving the paper into my hands. "How shall a man read who cannot write his name?" I sneered.

Mariposa weeping over it? How strange seemed the ways of a woman at that moment! I read the paper aloud to the Macdonald, who listened

remember how serious the hanging remember how serious the hanging Will Shaxper appeared to me. But could honestly answer at that time down in the dark, with my eyes fixed on that door, ready at a bound to donat I knew not the man by that name

I could honestly answer at that time down in the dark, with my eyes fixed that I knew not the man by that name or face, good or ill repute. My answer only angered the Macdonald more. He was angry, with the jealousy of a man who feels that his ignorance is being played upon. The rivers chanted or the day I tramped up and down in the dark, with my eyes fixed on that door, ready at a bound to down that door, ready at a bound to down that was the smooth, ivory, white of Mistress Mariposa's throat.

It was late in the afternoon when the corresponding began. The rivers chanted

and led from the cottage. In the center of the clachan was a big house, in which it was the custom of the Maclonalds to hold their court of justice prayer meetings, feasts, and other gatherings. Beneath it, at the bottom of a of stairs, was a prison vault, last tenant had been Roderick Into this I was pitched head-I received a smash on the head leaves a mark to this day, and endered me unconscious for many ours after I got it.

When I came to I knew it only be-cause I could feel blood on my face and violent throbbing in my head. Othermy eyes. I sat nursing my pains for while, listening to a continuous shuf-ling of feet overhead and the sound of many voices. Once or twice I thought I heard the shrill, cruel laughter of a woman, against whom my heart was peginning to burn with the desire of nurder. To add to my growing rage, the air became charged with the odor of hot, savory meats, and from the activ-ity in the big meeting house overhead I could readily guess to what purpose all his was designed,

I got to my feet and felt my way to the wall. It was of rough, unhewn stones. I felt my way along it until I stones. I felt my way along it until I was stopped by a corner where the wall stuck out at a square. Then I felt along the whole length of the meeting-house, which, I discovered, was a great oblong. Everywhere my hands touched stone until I found the only door. It was of wood, but of what thickness and how heavily barred I could not guess, for it was immovable in its frame.

During my wanderings in the dark I came to one spot where a ray of lamplight struck through a crack in the came to one spot where a ray of lamp-light struck through a crack in the flooring overhead. By this I judged that it was night. Finding no other break in the darkness to cheer me I presently began to grope back to this thread of light.

in the darkness to cheer me. I presently began to grope back to this thread of light.

It is a thing I remember, with painful distinctness, that it was hours before I found it again. As I felt my way about that mirk pit, with my eyes turned to the roof—and it seemed that I had lost all seeme at location—that missing clark and role and

about that hirk pit, with my eyes turned to the roof—and it seemed that I had lost all sense of location—that missing thread of light became as precious as a bar of gold. When I ultimately found it I could have wept at the pitiable importance of the thing:

I lay there for hours with my eyes on the shimmering thread, watching the shadows pass over it, and listening to the merry voices of those who were preparing Mariposa's wedding feast. Often I heard her voice among others; and from the words I caught, and the repeated diris of laughter that greeted her witty talk, I could only believe that her grief was forgotten, and that she was heart and soul wrapped in her coming pleasure.

It may have been any hour of the

ing pleasure.

It may have been any hour of the night—but it must have been late—when the activity ceased, and presently when the activity ceased, and presently the light was carried away. I could hardly believe it at first, for I had stared at the crack in the roof so long that my eye saw the thread of light for some time after it was gone. Wherever I looked in the darkness a horizontal streak of yellow split my darkness. But in a little while it faded, and the blackness was everywhere. That night was one of horror. I found myself, in imagination, falling—falling—through that awful gloom. I falling—through that awful gloom. I put my hands before my eyes. I could feel their damp warmth, but see them I could not. Then a kind of childish terror assailed me, and the darkness became peopled with movings, whis-perings, and gentle breathings. I tried to sleep, but the moment I closed my eyes the gloom was twisted into a eyes the gloom was twisted into a million dazzling, squirming tartans, and I was sinking through eternity.

I spent most of that night sitting on the damp floor, with my hands spread out on each side to keep me steady. When daylight came the borrible feeling passed, for my eyes suddenly fastened on four silver lines around the door. These lines brightened and gave offer furry have as the sun rose.

a furry haze as the sun rose CHAPTER XIV.

a drop of drink had been given me since my imprisonment; indeed, the bolts and bars of that dungeon had not been moved in their grooves.

Most of the day I tramped up and Most of the day I tramped up and my imprisonment.

mind, and that was the smooth, ivor-white of Misiress Mariposa's throat. It was late in the afternoon when the ceremonials began. The pipes chanted. The population of the Kyles. "Lock him up! Lock him up!"

Weather Forecaster Predicts

man who feels that his ignorance is being played upon. "And who will this Romeo be?" he single played upon. "And who will this Romeo be?" he snarled. "Macdonald," I said, "ye make me sorry I didna sink my nails deeper in your foul thrapple."
"Seize him!" bellowed the chieftain of the Kyles. "Lock him up! Lock him up! Lock him up! Lock him up! Bellowed the chieftain of the Kyles. "Lock him up! Lock him up! Lock him up."

His followers fell upon me with hardly any warning. Struggle, bite

The population of the dactan marched with the Macdonald and his bride to the burn that flowed in the glen. There, as I have learned, the ice crust was broken, and over the black, gurgling waters the Macdonald and Mariposa joined hands and went through some barbarous mockery of faith. Then the pipes skirled Joyously, and presently the flooring above my head thundered

Weather Forecaster Predicts

beneath the tread of the wedding guests. Mariposa was married! Thereafter was a great speech-mak-ing. Everybody who could make a speech spoke; and every word blared ing. Everybody who speech spoke; and every word blared through my brain and seared in my soul. Mariposa was matried, the bonny lass! It was a proud day for the Mac lass! It was a proud day for posterity-there was muc lass: It was a proud day for the Mac-donald, and a braw day for posterity— at which witticism there was much half-suppressed laughter. The Macdon-ald himself attested that he would sleep with his sklandhu under his pil-low, and woe be to any indiscreet vas-sal who disturbed his rest. For the present, however, they would feast, and they would drink moreover, and the they would drink moreover, and the grand occasion would be graced by the bride herself—the lady of the Kyles. Whereupon they fell to, and the air of my dungeon reeked of hot meat and entrails, whisky and Humanity. Food! What if I were starving? My stomach sickened at the thought of it, if ever I gave it a thought. No, my mind was

blank, save for that one great idea-ne smooth, ivory-white of Mistress a blank, save for that one great ideathe smooth, ivory-white of Mistress Mariposa's throat.

Up to then—and it was only then that I realized it—there had been in my mind some vague belief in the faith of Mariposa—a remote idea that it was all a trick to deceive the Macdonald and effect our escape. Bpt that hope, that belief, was destroyed. She was married—married! Even as I stared before me in the black dungeon, I could hear her sweet musical voice in courteous solicitation of her guests, or raised in merry banter. nerry banter. Yes, Mariposa was married and seem

res, Mariposa was maried and seemingly happy, and Rorie-you remember Rerie Maciean, of Kilellan-Rorie was poorer than Lazarrus-not even a crumb from the table. But, out of the kindness of her great womanly heart, he was allowed to hear the marriage laughter and smell the marriage meats. ness of her great womanly heart, he was allowed to hear the marriage leads to hear the marriage meats. Lazarus! Rather was I Dives in Hades,

inughter—laughter so wild and strange that I was startled myself. A hush fell upon the marriage-feast. They had heard me. I raised the goblet under the crack in the flooring and cried at the pitch of my voice: "To the wife of the Macdonald." I heard a voice—her voice—cry out as if from mortal nain. Then it seemed to

if from mortal pain. Then it seemed to my disordered, frenzied brain that the gloom of my prison became suffused with light, and before me stood a figure, I tall and lightly swaying.
"Don John!" I screamed. And the cur
I fell from my nerveless hand.
I have no knowledge of what happen.

a leap.

I heard her voice above me, singing softly—so softly—a familiar lift that brought remembrance of my recent strange vision. And there were other strange vision. sounds—as of women weeping, or scold-ing, while men answered in sleepy,

the crack in the flooring and stared around the vault. What night of mys-teries was this: The door of the prison stood wide open and the cold moonlight flooded in. At once the savage blood in me leaped through my veins. I whipped the dirk from my leg and crept to-ward the door.

ow the first part of that terrible day passed with me I cannot bring myself to write. My heart's blood has tipped this heart's blood has tipped this quill long chough. When the hour of Mariposa's wedding arrived I was as docile as a madman whose cunning only awaits the opportunity to flare up in demoniac fury. I was a starving wild beast, for not a morsel of food nor a drop of drink had been given me since any imprisonment; indeed, the bolts and we will be men on the control of th

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

QUAKER CITY MEN

Think Scheme Feasible and Worth Trial.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22.-Opinions n this city are divided as to the practicability of Frank A. Munsey's plan for new party to take over the Progresof purpose, and the Republicans are on "The Historic Potomac River," willing to try the proposition if a work-ing agreement can be found on which to base a coalition.

Ultra-Progressives, however, feel their organization is strong enough soon to gather under its standard progressives of all types and political faiths, and sooner or later they will be in the position to obliterate all the old organi-zations that are reactionary.

Republicans In Favor.

David H. Lane, Republican city con

mitteeman, said: "I want to study this plan before can say whether it will be a success It might work well, and if so might be the thing needed to bring about har-

Former Judge William W. Porter of all continue to be one. If by any such plan as Mr. Munsey suggests we can get the Progressives to side with us, then it ought to be tried, but I shall not be in favor of giving up our identity permanently and I do not think the time ever will come when we shall have to."

Holds Plan Feasible. Hugh Black, receiver of taxes an

fe-long Republican, says: "The Munsey plan looks feasible. It the Progressives can be convinced such a plan is for their good it might work out, but I fear it will be hard to ge them to agree to it."
Thomas Robbins, Roosevelt Progres

sive, says: 'I am still a middle-of-the-road Progressive: So far as union with

Reason for Opposition.

"Don John: I see that a seed of what happened after that, save that after a certain time I awoke, covered with a cold sweat. Above me the sounds of merriment had changed to maudlin singing. Was it all over? Was she gone with her brutal husband? My heart sickened, then gave a leap.

"As, a business proposition, there is a speculative fascination about Mr. Munsey's imaginative plan to create the Liberal party, which shall act as an agent to keep the books until the Republicans and Progressives and progressive Democrats are ready to

coalesce.

"Political parties are not created by resolution, but by votes. Until after the election last November there was no visible, legally established National Progressive party. Until 1916, therefore, What did it all mean? I turned from he crack in the flooring and stared tround the vault. What night of myseries was this: The door of the prison

Finds Buried Treasure. PARIS, Jan. 22.-A vine grower of

Marmery, digging in his garden, un-earthed a clay vessel in which were old gold, silver, and copper coins, dating

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FAVOR MUNSEY PLAN | HISTORIC VALUE OF FOR LIBERAL PARTY POTOMACTERRITORY

Republicans in Philadelphia Washington-Gettysburg Road Is Indorsed by Columbia Historical Society.

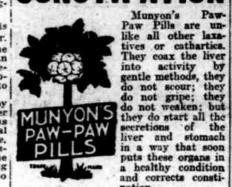
The nineteenth annual meeting of the Columbia Historical Society was held last night in the lecture hall of the Washington Club, 1719 I street north sive and Republican organizations. All west, for the election of officers and admit Mr. Munsey has shown sincerity the hearing and discussion of a paper William E. Rogers. Dr. Rogers was in troduced first and the election of offi cers was postponed until after his ad dress, a paper by Dr. William Tindall and the general discussion.

> which have occurred along the Potoms river and the part the stream has played in the history of the United States. Dr. Tindall's paper described John Wilkes Booth's flight from Washingto Wilkes Booth's flight from Washington after the assassination of Abraham Lincoin. Dr. Tindall expressed great admiration for the openheartedness of the man Jones, who assisted Booth across the river. As a memorial to Lincoin Dr. Tindall advocated the construction of a road from Washington to Gettysburg, which was heartily indorsed by the members of the society. The following officers were elected: President, James Dudley Morgan; vice presidents, Job Banard and Allen C. Clark; treasurer, William H. Dennis; Clark; treasurer, William H. Dengs; recording secretary, Mary Stevens Beall; corresponding secretary, M. I. Weller; curator, James F. Hood; chronicler, Mrs. William K. Carr; managers, W. B. Bryan and Van Zandt Cox.

Conductors May Join Engineers on Strike

BANGOR, Me., Jan. 22.—Threats by onductors of the Bangor and Aroostook sive, says: "I am still a middle-of-theroad Progressive: So far as union with
the Republicans is concerned. I believe
we have more in common wift the Progressive Democrats than we have with
the Republicans.
"In Mr. Munsey's sincerity of purpose
in suggesting his plan I have not the
slightest doubt. His mistake lies in
his dating of the break between the
Republican stand-patters and the Progressives, which he refers to as occurring last spring. The line of cleavage
extends further back than that. It is
really an age-iong contest between
property and privilege on the one hand
and humanity on the other."

Reason for Opposition.



in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they en-rich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put

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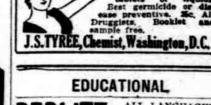
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ing at Droop's, 13th and G, for JOHN McCORMACK

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